

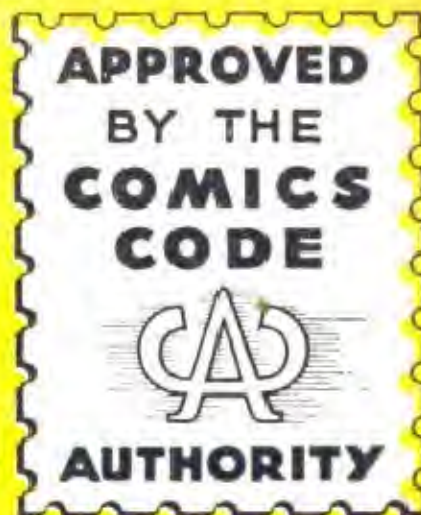


**FIGHTING JETS IN ACTION**

March No. 7

10¢

**CAPTAIN**



# STEVE SAVAGE





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**





BEFORE

Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY

YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

I won NEW STRENGTH for money-making work! for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won NEW POPULARITY Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

Hi Pal! Win \$100 as I just did!



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every-body admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"



You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.



COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.



### LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES
2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. AV-51

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN! - R. F. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest 2 How to Build a Mighty Arm 3 How to Build a Mighty Grip 4 How to Build a Mighty Back 5 How to Build Mighty Legs Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!**

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE

BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1



GET ALL 5 FREE

1



2



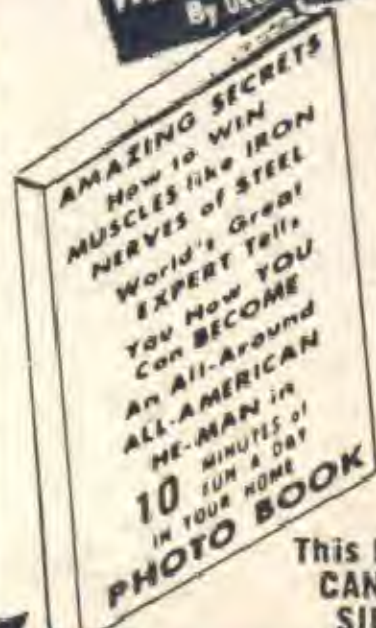
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Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN

**AFTER**

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

**BEFORE**

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton

He says,

I gained

70 lbs.

of

mighty

muscle



**Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!**



# NIGHT-RAID ON KOREA!



STEVE, THAT  
RED FIGHTER'S  
BORING IN ON US!  
HE'S OPENED FIRE!  
WE'RE FINISHED!

**CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE** AND HIS NEW SIDE-KICK, **JAZZ LOGAN**, FOUND THEMSELVES CUT OFF FROM THEIR SQUADRON DURING A **NIGHT-RAID ON NORTH KOREA!** THEY THOUGHT IT STRANGE WHEN TWENTY ENEMY JET FIGHTERS POUNCED ON THEIR TAIL, YET MADE *NO* EFFORT TO SHOOT THEM DOWN! HAD THEY KNOWN IT, THE STRANGEST PART WAS YET TO COME, AS THEY EMBARKED ON A **MANCHURIAN ADVENTURE!**

IN THE OFFICERS LOUNGE AT AN ADVANCED FIGHTER-SQUADRON BASE SOMEWHERE IN KOREA...



HEY, FELLOWS, THE NEW THUNDER-JETS ARE HERE!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THEM!  
WHAT DO YOU THINK, JOE?

I DUNNO, SIR! THAT EXTRA SEAT FOR THE RADAR MAN MAKES THEM PRETTY BIG AND UNWIELDY LOOKING! GIVES THE REDS TOO MUCH PLANE TO SHOOT AT!

THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FAST, MANEUVERABLE AND AWFULLY HARD FOR AN ENEMY GUNNER TO HIT! WE'LL SOON KNOW.





A MOMENT LATER, AT THE AIR-STRIP, STEVE TALKS TO THE TEST-PILOT THAT ACCOMPANIED THE SHIPS FROM THE FACTORY...

WELL, CAPTAIN, DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE THESE BABIES?

CAN'T TELL, MISTER! THEY LOOK FAST, BUT I DOUBT IF THEY CAN OUT-MANUEVER WHAT WE'RE USING NOW.



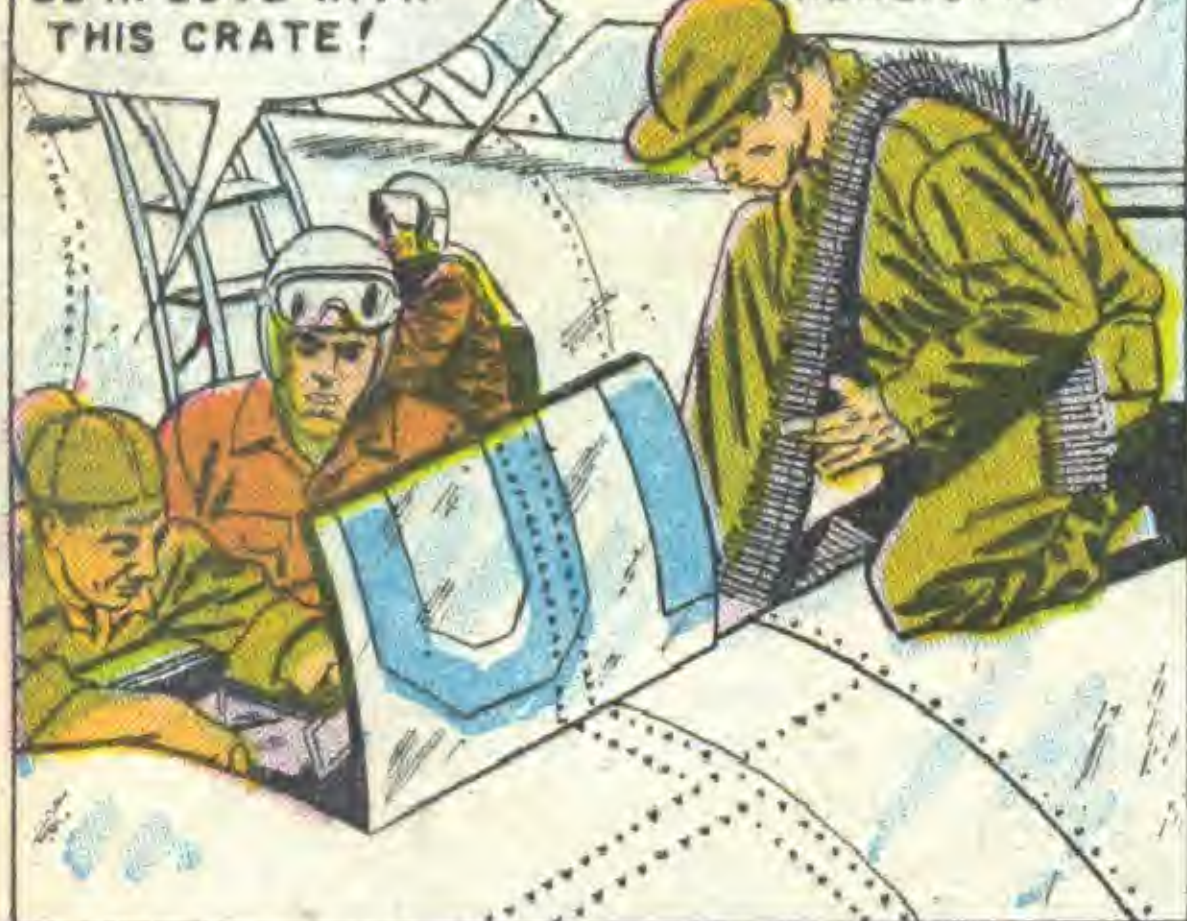
I'LL TELL YOU, CAPTAIN. YOU'VE GOT A REPUTATION FOR BEING THE HOTTEST FIGHTER PILOT IN KOREA. NOW, I'LL JUST BET YOU THAT I CAN OUT-MANUEVER AND OUT-FIGHT YOU IN ONE OF THESE BABIES.

YOU JUST MADE YOUR-SELF A BET!



WHEN I END THIS DEMONSTRATION, YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN LOVE WITH THIS CRATE!

JOE, LOAD OUR GUNS WITH PRACTISE BLANKS! IT'LL MAKE IT MORE REALISTIC!



THE TWO SHIPS TAKE TO THE AIR AND LEVEL-ING OUT AT THE SAME ALTITUDE, WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL! A MOMENT LATER, IT COMES AND...



WHA...?

GROUND TO SAVAGE AND SHIFFTER! START SHOOTING, BOYS!

NOW, WHERE THE DICKENS DID THAT CHARACTER GO? I...

I'M LIKE A SITTING DUCK TO THAT CHARACTER! I NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

HOW ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN? READY TO CALL IT QUILTS?



I AM! AND IS MY FACE RED! YOU MADE ME FEEL LIKE A KINDERGARTEN PILOT!

NOT ME, CAP-TAIN, THE SHIP! IT'S A HONEY! THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS WORLD THAT CAN HOLD A CANDLE TO IT!







**CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE!  
CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE!  
REPORT TO COLONEL  
DONOVAN. IMMEDIATELY!**



**WE'RE CONVINCED THIS  
NEW SHIP MAKES OURS  
LOOK LIKE GO-CARTS!**

**I'VE GOT TO SEE  
WHAT'S UP AT H.Q.!**



**A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS...**

**SIR?**

**IT'S ABOUT THESE NEW PLANES,  
CAPTAIN! THEY'RE THE BEST SHIP  
BUILT YET, AND DESIGNED PRI-  
MARILY FOR NIGHT-FLYING! THE  
REDS WOULD LOVE TO GET THEIR  
HANDS ON ONE...THEY'LL TRY, TOO!**



**OUR JOB'S TO KEEP THAT FROM HAPPENING  
JUST AS LONG AS POSSIBLE! WE'RE TAKING  
THESE MEASURES TO INSURE THAT! (1) DON'T  
DISCUSS THE SHIP,... NOT AMONG YOURSELVES  
OR WITH OTHER SQUADRONS. (2) DON'T LET  
ONE FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS...**

**BUT, SIR...?**



**I KNOW! SOMETIMES A PILOT GETS FORCED  
DOWN IN ENEMY TERRITORY! THIS IS AN  
EXPLOSIVE CHARGE, CAPTAIN...WHICH WILL**

**BE INSTALLED IN  
EVERY SHIP! IN  
THE EVENT THAT  
A SHIP IS FORCED  
DOWN...THE PILOT  
WILL SET THIS  
CHARGE BEFORE HE  
LEAVES! THERE  
WON'T BE ANYTHING  
LEFT FOR THE  
COMMIES!**



**HOW ABOUT THE  
RADAR MEN FOR  
THESE SHIPS, SIR?  
THEY HAVEN'T  
BEEN ASSIGNED  
TO US YET!**

**WE'LL HAVE THEM TOMOR-  
ROW! MEANWHILE, PUT  
YOUR BOYS IN THE SHIPS  
AND KEEP THEM THERE...  
UNTIL THEY KNOW HOW TO  
HANDLE THEM, IT SHOULDN'T  
TAKE THEM MORE THAN A  
DAY OR SO!**



A WEEK GOES BY, THEN--

SQUADRON A, ATTENTION! ALL PILOTS ASSEMBLE FOR BRIEFING IN FIVE MINUTES!



SOUNDS LIKE AN ESCORT JOB! BUT WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO FOR GUNNERS!

OKAY, BOYS, STOP YAKKING, AND LET'S GO!



OPERATIONS, A MOMENT LATER...

YOU'RE GOING TO FORM FIGHTER PROTECTION FOR A BIG NIGHT-RAID ON UIJI! TARGET FOR TONIGHT IS THE UIJI ROLLER BEARING WORKS! YOU'LL RENDEZVOUS WITH THE BOMBERS OVER ANDONG AT EXACTLY---0200! ANY QUESTIONS?



OUR RADAR MEN, SIR?

THEY'RE WAITING AT YOUR SHIPS! DON'T FORGET THE EXPLOSIVES CHARGES IN YOUR SHIPS! IF YOU ARE FORCED DOWN--YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! GOOD LUCK MEN!



AT THE AIR-STRIP, A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE RADAR MEN REPORT...

SERGEANT LOGAN REPORTING, SIR!

HOWDY, SERGEANT! INCIDENTALLY, THERE'S NO FORMALITY IN THIS SQUADRON--EXCEPT WHEN IN HEARING OF COLONEL DONOVAN! YOU'LL CALL ME STEVE.



THAT'S RIGHT WITH ME, STEVE. MY FRIENDS CALL ME LOGAN, OR LOGY FOR SHORT!

IT'S LOGY THEN! GRAB A SEATFUL OF COCKPIT, BOY--WE'RE OFF FOR A COOK'S TOUR OF NORTH KOREA!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER, OVER ANDONG, STEVE'S SQUADRON RENDEZVOUS WITH THE BOMBER GROUP...

OKAY, BOYS, THERE THEY ARE! KEEP TO GROUP FORMATION, AND COVER AT ONE THOUSAND FEET. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! LET'S GO.





SOMETIME LATER, THE RAIDERS ARE OVER TARGET AND PEELING OFF FOR THEIR BOMB-RUNS, DROP THEIR LETHAL CARGO OF T.N.T.! THE FIGHTER CRAFT FORMS A COVER OF PROTECTION ABOVE THEM AND BEYOND THE FIGHTERS LURKS THEIR CAPTAIN AND LOGAN AS SOLITARY SENTINELS---



ANOTHER COMMIE WAR PLANT PULVERIZED! WHAT'D YOU SAY?

WE'RE IN FOR A BAD STORM, STEVE! IT'S COMING UP FAST BEHIND US!



WE'D BETTER JOIN THE SQUADRON! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE --

IT'S HIT US! WE'RE IN FOR A BAD TIME!



A CURTAIN OF RAIN CLOSES IN, CUTS THEIR VISIBILITY TO ZERO! WIND TEARS AT THEM, TWISTS THEM IN ITS GIANT HAND--

WE'LL TEAR OURSELVES TO PIECES IF WE TRY BUCKING THIS HEAD-ON! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN BEFORE IT!

BETTER MAKE IT QUICK! WE SEEM TO BE CAUGHT RIGHT IN IT!



THE WINGS ARE TAKING AN AWFUL BEATING!

WE'LL MAKE IT! WHEN THE U.S. ARMY BUYS COMBAT CRAFT, THEY MAKE SURE THEY'RE REALLY BUILT! HOLD ON!



FOR NEARLY AN HOUR, STEVE BATTLES THE RAGING STORM! THEN, SUDDENLY ---

WE'RE IN THE CLEAR! I? OH, OH, STEVE--VISITORS! AND RED ONES AT THAT!

A NICE MESS! WE'RE LOW ON GAS--TOO LOW TO EVEN MAKE OUR OWN LINES!







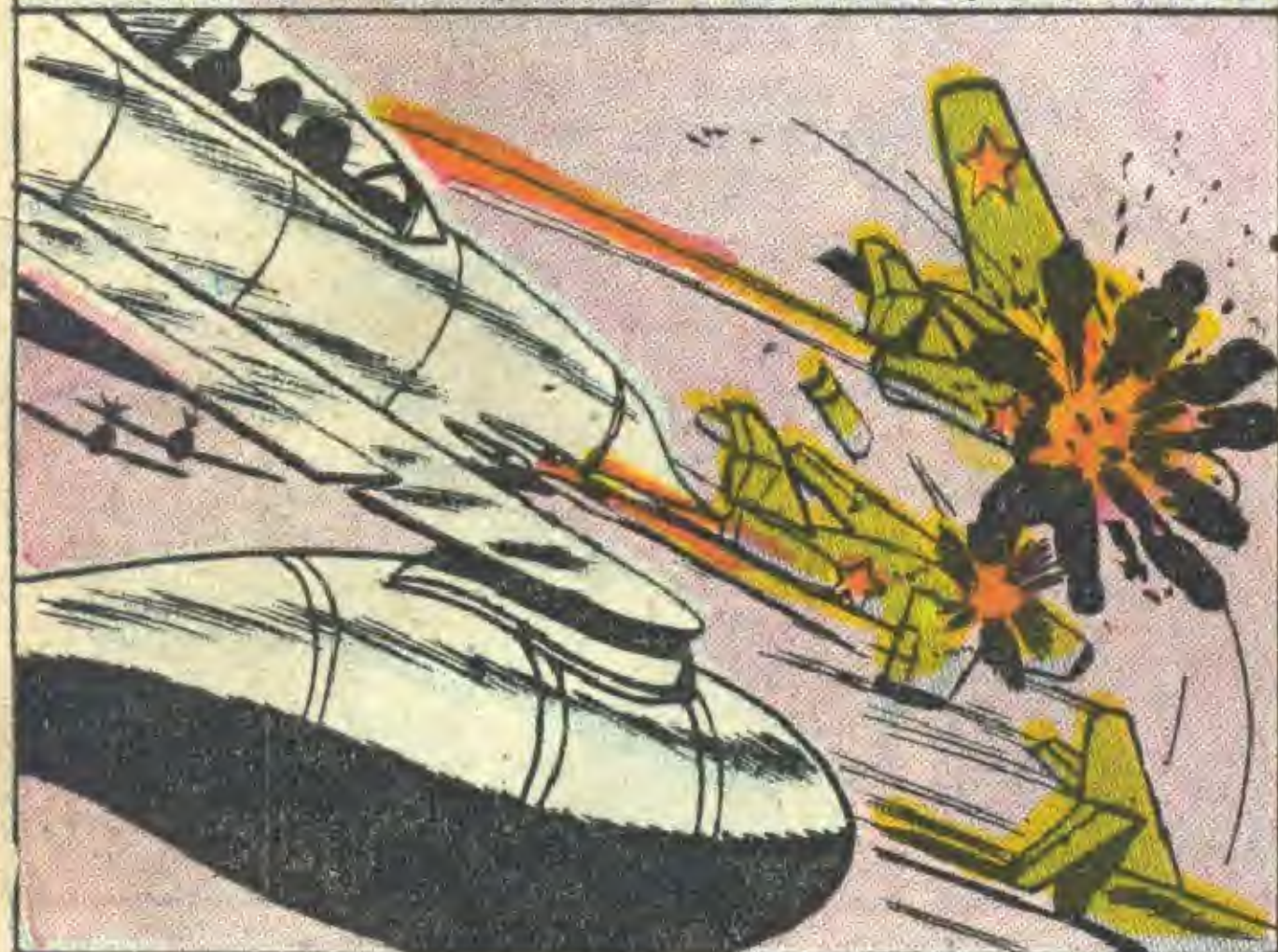
THERE'S AT LEAST TWENTY OF THEM, STEVE!

AND THEY'VE COME IN FROM THE SOUTH TO CUT US OFF! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AND OUTFLY 'EM!



BUT FIRST, WE'RE GIVING THEM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY!

STEVE KICKS HIS SHIP INTO A STEEP, SCREAMING DIVE, HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE THREE FOREMOST ENEMY JETS! BEFORE THEY KNOW IT, HE'S IN THEIR MIDST, GUNS BLAZING!



WOW! THAT'S SHOOTING!

WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH GAS LEFT IN THE TANKS TO LOSE THE OTHER GOOKS-- I HOPE!



HOW'RE WE DOING?

THEY'RE SO FAR BEHIND THEY'LL NEVER CATCH UP! BUT--HEY, THAT'S THE YALU RIVER BELOW US! WE'RE IN MANCHURIA!



I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU! MAN-CHURIA'S OUR NEXT STOP, AND WE'RE GOING TO BE ON FOOT! I'VE JUST ACTIVATED THE EXPLOSIVE-CHARGE. IT'LL EXPLODE WHEN THE SHIP HITS THE GROUND! GET READY TO JUMP! WE'RE LEAVING THIS CRATE IN JUST SIXTY SECONDS!

PULL FOR FORCED LANDING

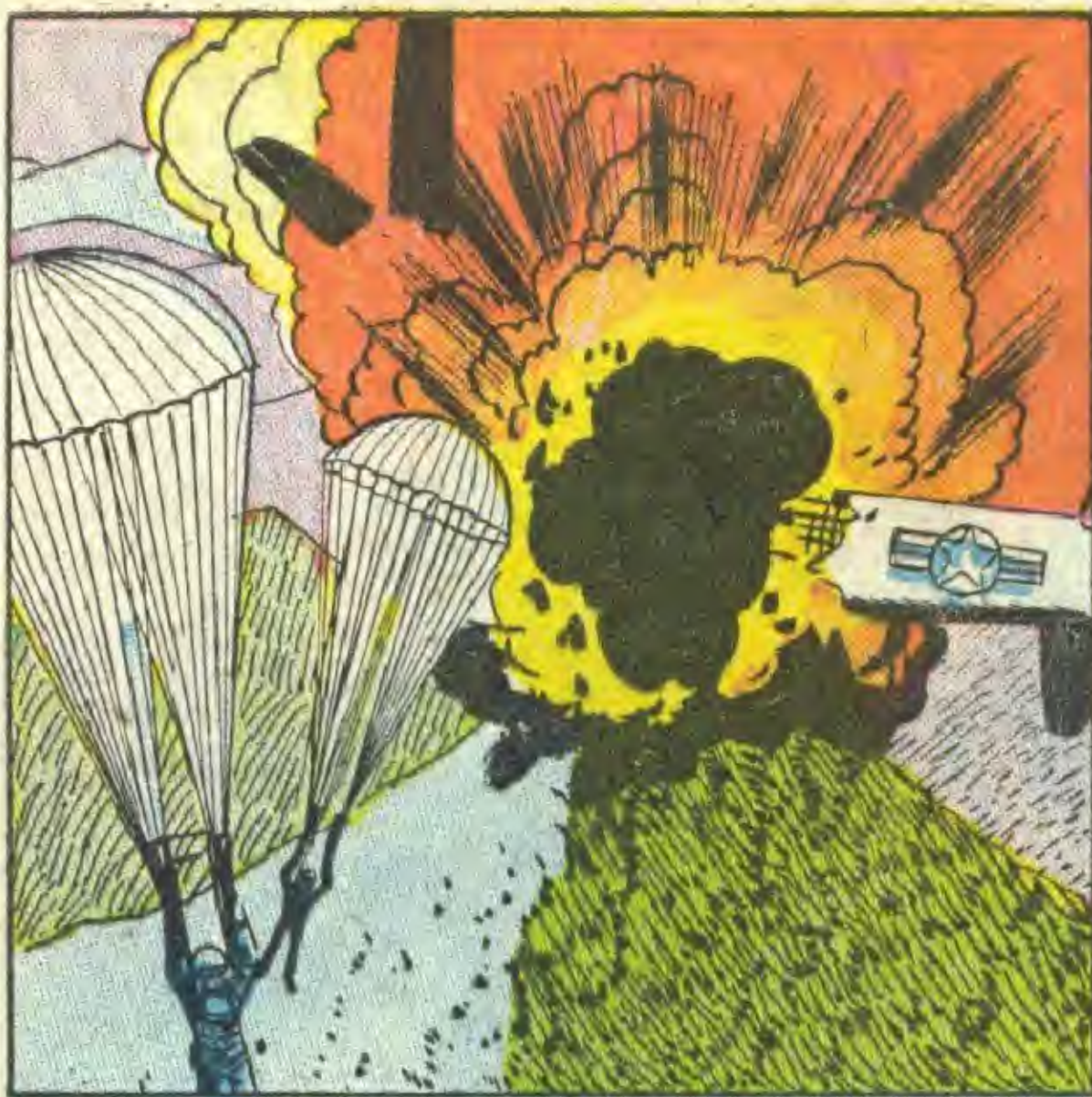
U.S. AIR FORCE EXPLOSIVE



AND...

GO!





GOSH, STEVE-- SHE  
MAKES A BIG BONFIRE!

YES, AND ONE THAT'S  
SURE TO DRAW ANY RED  
TROOPS WITHIN MILES!  
GET YOUR CHUTE OFF AND  
BURY IT! WE'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT OF HERE!



STEVE, WAIT--  
LOOK!

BARBARIAN HORSEMEN  
FROM THE PAGES OF HISTORY!  
DESCENDANTS OF THE CONQUER-  
ING MONGOLS! AND PROBABLY  
FOLLOWING THE BANNER OF  
THE HAMMER AND SICKLE!  
LOGY, WE'RE REALLY IN  
A SPOT NOW.



WHAT'RE THEY  
LIGHTING THEM  
TORCHES FOR?

US, I IMAGINE! LOOK, THEY'RE  
FORMING A LONG LINE! THEY'RE  
GOING TO SWEEP THIS PLAIN LIKE  
A BROOM AND TRY TO TURN US UP!  
CHECK YOUR AUTOMATIC, LOGY--  
YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT!



TORCHES  
HELD ALOFT,  
THEIR EYES  
SEARCHING,  
THE MONGOL  
TRIBESMEN  
STREAM  
ACROSS  
THE PLAIN...



AND...

THEY'VE SPOTTED US!  
WE'RE FINISHED, LOGY, BUT  
BEFORE THEY GET US--  
LET'S TAKE SOME OF THEM  
ALONG TO KEEP US  
COMPANY!



CAN STEVE AND LOGY STEM THE TIDE OF HORSEMEN,  
OR MUST THEY PERISH IN THE WILD, BLOODY RUSH?  
CHAPTER TWO GIVES THE AMAZING ANSWER...



# CRASH-LANDING IN MANCHURIA!

THIS IS IT!  
SO-LONG,  
STEVE!



**WILD TRIBESMEN** OF THE PLAINS, STRIKING **SWIFTLY, FEROCIOUSLY!** SWORDS AND ANTI-QUATED MUSKETS AGAINST **MACHINE GUNS** AND **HEAVY ARTILLERY!** HORSES AGAINST MODERN ARMORED **TANKS!** THESE ARE THE ODDS **STEVE SAVAGE** AND **LOGAN** MUST ACCEPT WHEN THEY THROW IN THEIR LOT WITH THE **RAIDERS!**

WAIT! THE BIG BOSS  
IS MAKING A SIGN  
OF FRIENDSHIP!

IF THESE GUYS ARE  
REDS, THEY'LL MAKE  
PEACE SIGNS WITH ONE  
HAND AND STAB US IN THE  
BACK WITH  
THE OTHER!



BE NOT AFRAID OF US,  
FRIEND. WE DO NOT  
SLAY THE AMERICANS.  
WE TOOK YOU AT FIRST  
FOR THE ENEMY, THE THRICE  
ACCURSED RED ONES!

HEY, THE GUY  
SPEAKS ENGLISH!





YES, I HAD THE HONOR OF PLAYING HOST TO ONE OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN-- SOME YEARS AGO. A GREAT EXPLORER FROM YOUR MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. HE WAS MY GUEST FOR NEARLY A YEAR!

WE'RE CERTAINLY GLAD YOU TURNED OUT TO BE A FRIEND!



YOU WILL HONOR MY CAMP! I AM CALLED KWANG THE STRONG, CHIEFTAIN OF THE SHUANGCHENG!

I'M STEVE SAVAGE AND MY FRIEND IS, JAZZ LOGAN!



HU SHEI! BRING TWO HORSES FOR OUR GUESTS! WE MUST MOVE ON. I DO NOT WANT THE RED ONES TO KNOW MY PEOPLE ARE IN THIS VICINITY--UNTIL I CHOOSE THE HOUR!



SOON...

STEVE, WHAT'M I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW? THEY NEVER TAUGHT ME TO RIDE IN BROOKLYN.



HANG ON, AND IF YOU CAN'T HANG ON--PRAY, AND IF YOU CAN'T PRAY, DON'T LOOK TO ME FOR SYMPATHY!

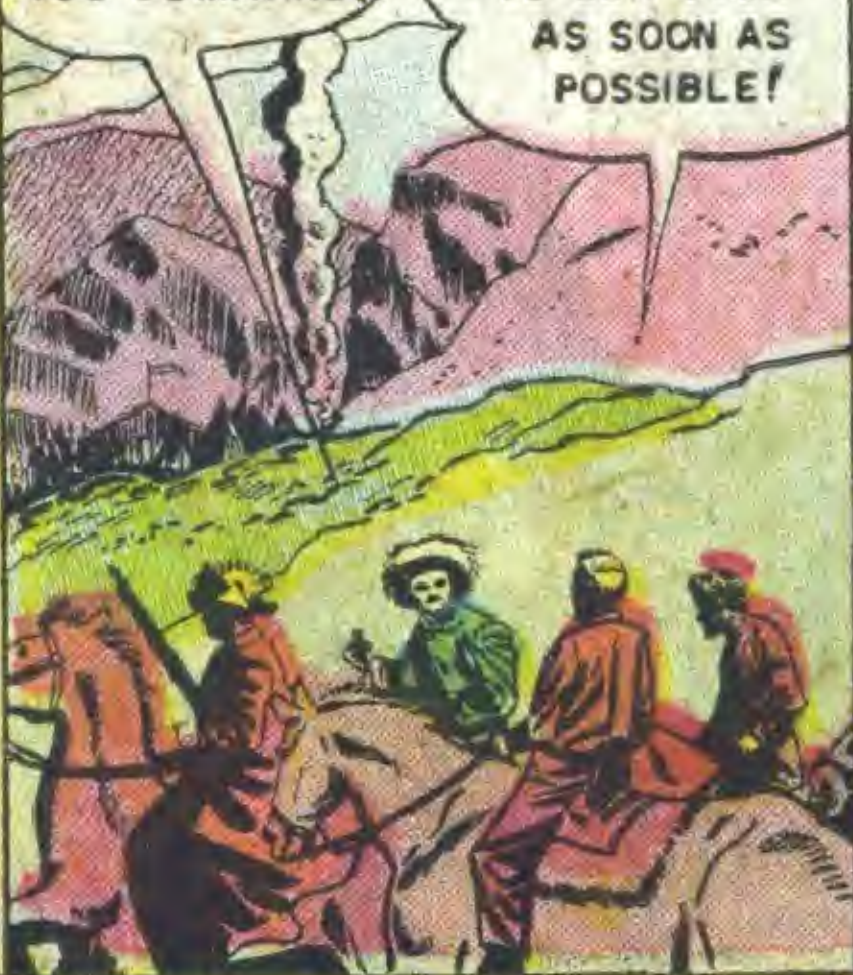


YOU'RE A LOT OF HELP!

THE TROOP MOVES SWIFTLY, TOWARD THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS! RIDING HARD AT DAWN, MANY HOURS LATER--

MY VILLAGE, IT SHALL BE YOURS AS LONG AS YOU COMMAND!

THANKS, KWANG, BUT WE'D LIKE TO GET BACK TO OUR BASE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE, LIE MANY MILES OF ENEMY COUNTRY! IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO TRAVERSE IT BY FOOT! BIDE WITH ME AWHILE. WE WILL PUT OUR WITS TO THE PROBLEM!

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH, KWANG.





EARLY THAT SAME EVENING, AFTER A FEW HOURS REST IN KWANG'S YURT, STEVE AND LOGAN SATISFY THEIR APPETITES WHILE KWANG TELLS THEM OF HIS PEOPLE'S CONSTANT STRUGGLE AGAINST THE COMMUNIST ENEMY...

AYE, WE OF SHUANGCHENG, HAVE NEVER SURRENDERED TO THE RED DOGS! THEY'VE COME TO RESPECT OUR SHARP FANGS!



CONSIDERING YOUR OUT-MODED WEAPONS, IT'S REMARKABLE THAT YOU'RE ABLE TO FIGHT THEM! I...

HA! SOMETHING HAS EXCITED MY MEN!



IT IS CHING, ONE OF MY SENTRIES FROM THE HIGH PASS! HE BRINGS ME NEWS THAT WILL GLADDEN MY HEART, I THINK! COME, RECEIVE HIM WITH ME!



HO, KWANG, THE STRONG ONE, LEADER OF HIS PEOPLE, I BRING YOU THAT WHICH YOU HAVE WAITED LONG FOR. AN ARMY OF THE RED ONES... MOVING TOWARD THE PASS!

A CHINESE DIVISION, APPARENTLY.



THEY COME WITH MANY BIG GUNS AND THE IRON CARS SCOUT THE WAY!

ARTILLERY AND TANKS, HE MEANS. BUT DON'T TELL ME KWANG IS THINKING OF TANGLING WITH THEM. IT'S SUICIDE!



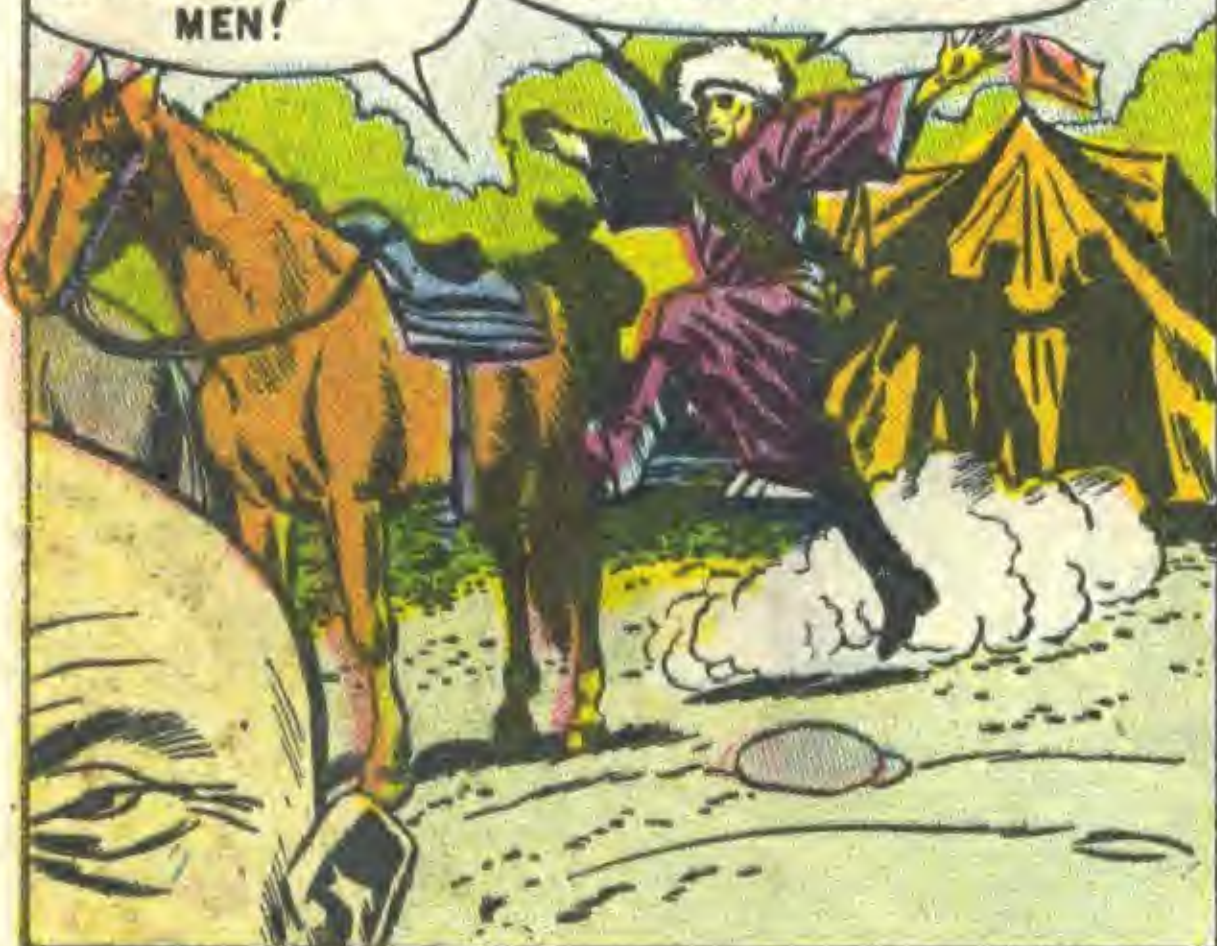
HO, MEN OF A THOUSAND VICTORIES! ONCE MORE WE GIVE BATTLE TO THE RED ONES. ONCE MORE WE DIP OUR BLADES IN BLOOD!





YOU CAN'T BE  
SERIOUS! YOU'VE  
ONLY A COUPLE  
OF HUNDRED  
MEN!

THE SHUANGHENG IS TRAINED  
TO FIGHT FROM BIRTH! HE  
RIDES BEFORE HE WALKS...  
HE *LIVES* TO FIGHT!



YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WILL RIDE WITH  
ME...AND SEE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER  
AND TO PASS ON TO YOUR GRANDCHILDREN.  
YOU WILL SEE THE SHUANGCHENG... RIDE INTO  
BATTLE!



SOMETIME LATER, AT THE PASS, KWANG DIVIDES HIS  
FORCES UNDER THREE OF HIS SUB-CHIEFS, AND MAKES  
FURTHER PREPARATIONS TO MEET THE ENEMY...

HERE COME THE TANKS!  
IF YOU'RE GOING TO  
KNOCK THEM OUT, YOU'D  
BETTER ACT... *FAST!*

WATCH!



THE TANKS  
ENTER THE  
PASS AND  
MEET THE  
AVALANCHE  
OF ROCK  
WHICH  
THUNDERS  
DOWN TO  
BURY THEM  
FOREVER!





THE ADVANCE FORCE OF THE CHINESE INFANTRY DIVISION COMES TO A SUDDEN HALT AT THE BARRIER! KWANG RAISES A HAND-CARVED TRUMPET TO HIS LIPS AND BLOWS A SINGLE EIRIE NOTE...



AND HIS FIRST UNIT OF HORSEMEN LAUNCH A HEAD-ON ATTACK!



WHOOOEEEEEE!



DAZED WITH SHOCK, TERRIFIED BY THE SAVAGE FACES, THE BARBARIAN YELLS, SHRINKING FROM THE NAKED STEEL, THE ENEMY FALLS BACK, ONLY TO MEET STILL ANOTHER CHARGE!

WHOOOEEEEEE!



AGAIN THE WEIRD NOTE OF THE TRIBAL CHIEF'S BATTLE-HORN, SUMMONING A THIRD SAVAGE ASSAULT ON THE ENEMY REAR! RISING ABOVE THE SOUND OF BATTLE... SOUNDS THE HIGH NOTE OF THE TRUMPET... TOLLING DEATH FOR COMMUNIST TROOPS!

WHOOOEEEEEE!





THE RED DOGS CRINGE AT THE SHUANGCHENG WAR-CRY! *HO*, SLAVES TO THE MEN OF THE NORTH! MEET THE BLADES OF FREE MEN AND---*DIE!*



STEVE, DID YOU EVER SEE ANYONE FIGHT LIKE THESE DEVILS DO?

GIVE THESE BABIES MODERN WEAPONS AND SHOW THEM HOW TO USE THEM--AND THEY'D CONQUER CHINA ALL BY THEMSELVES!



THE COMMIES ARE STARTING TO GET ORGANIZED, KWANG! IT'S NOT GOING TO BE HEALTHY HERE WHEN THEY UNLIMBER THEIR MACHINE-GUNS!

KWANG KNOWS THAT, FRIEND! WE FIGHT GUERILLA WAR -- HIT AND RUN! I SOUND THE RETREAT NOW!



A HARSH, COMMANDING BLAST FROM KWANG'S TRUMPET SOUNDS THE RETREAT! IN A WELL EXECUTED MANUEVER, THE TRIBESMEN WHIRL THEIR HORSES, SMASH THROUGH THE ENEMY TROOPS...



...TO FREEDOM...

THEY'VE OPENED UP ON US!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!



ARE YOU NOW CONVINCED, AMERICAN-- THAT MY PEOPLE CAN INFLICT MUCH DAMAGE ON THE RED DOGS! YOU BET, KWANG! WE LOST ABOUT SIX MEN AGAINST THEIR SIX OR SEVEN HUNDRED, TO SAY NOTHING OF SIX TANKS!



AYE! WE DO WHAT WE CAN, AND WAIT FOR THE DAY WHEN WE CAN STRIKE A REAL BLOW FOR FREEDOM!







AYE! THE DAY WILL SOON COME WHEN NO COMMUNIST SCUM WILL FOUL THE GOOD EARTH!

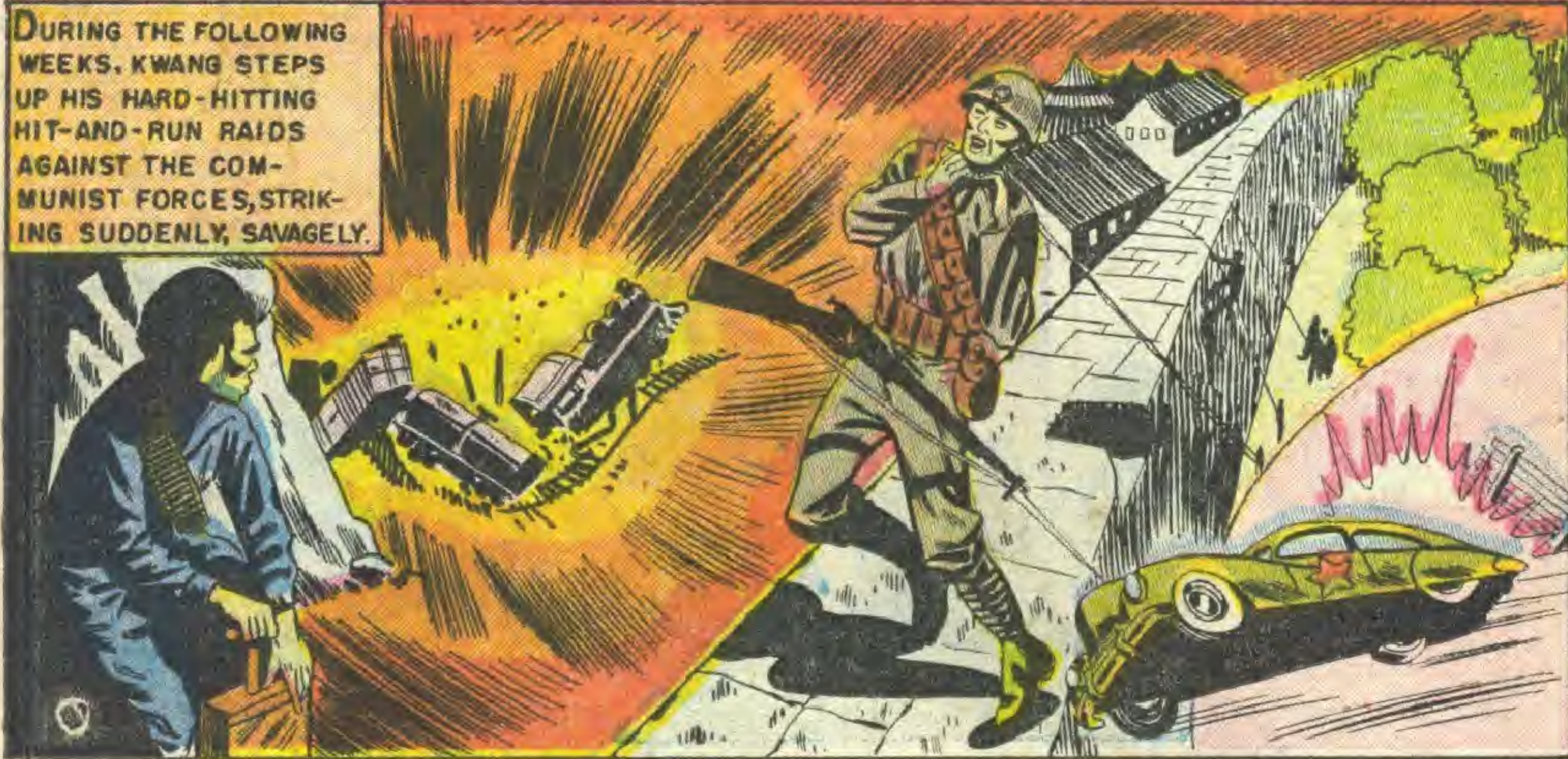
AMEN!



WELL, THERE'S SURE A LOT OF THEM BACK THERE THAT WON'T BE DOING THAT ANYMORE!

THAT'S RIGHT! OUR ATTACK COMPLETELY DEMORALIZED THEM! THEY'LL BE NO GOOD AS COMBAT TROOPS UNTIL THEY'VE BEEN COMPLETELY OVERHAULED. IT'LL TAKE WEEKS!

**DURING THE FOLLOWING WEEKS, KWANG STEPS UP HIS HARD-HITTING HIT-AND-RUN RAIDS AGAINST THE COMMUNIST FORCES, STRIKING SUDDENLY, SAVAGELY.**



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND JAZZ LOGAN ARE BECOMING RESTLESS FOR THEIR OWN COMMAND! ONE NIGHT, KWANG RETURNS TO THE YURT WITH GOOD NEWS FOR THE PAIR--

I HAVE AT LAST FOUND A WAY TO RETURN YOU TO YOUR PEOPLE! TO THE NORTH IS THE BIG AIR-BASE OF THE RED DOGS! A RAID ON IT IS OVDERDUE. I...?

YOU MEAN... KWANG, THAT'S THE BEST IDEA YET!



WHAT'RE YOU GUYS TALKING ABOUT?

WHERE THERE'S AN AIR-BASE, THERE'S ALSO PLANES! DURING THE CONFUSION OF KWANGS ATTACK, WE'LL SWIPE ONE, AND FLY BACK TO BASE IN STYLE!



BUT TO THE NORTH IS A STRONG CONCENTRATION OF ENEMY TROOPS, EAGER TO BATTLE THE HATED KWANG AND HIS RAIDERS! YES, TO THE NORTH LIES DANGER AND---DEATH! READ IT IN CHAPTER THREE.





THAT NIGHT, KWANG RETIRES TO HIS YURT ALONE ;  
AT DAWN CALLS A WAR-CONFERENCE OF HIS TRIBAL  
SUB-CHIEFS...

I, KWANG, HAVE DECIDED THE  
WAY! HERE LIES THE AIRFIELD  
OF THE NORTH ONES.

GO ON,  
KWANG.

THE PRIZE NESTLES  
SNUGLY IN THE VALLEY,  
RINGED BY HILLS AND  
FORTS! LIKE A WHEEL!  
LISTEN TO ME, CHIEFS  
OF KWANG! HERE IS  
HOW THE CIRCLE OF  
THE WHEEL CAN BE  
BROKEN....







MEANWHILE, AT THE ROAD LEADING FROM THE AIRFIELD TO THE MAIN ENEMY OUTPOST, STEVE AND LOGAN ---

RAT-TAT-TAT!  
POW-BANG! POW-ZING!

THAT MUST BE  
HU SHIE'S MEN!  
THEY'VE ATTACKED  
THE OUTPOST!

YEAH!

THAT'S SURE GONNA  
STIR UP A HORNET'S  
NEST!

C'MON, LET'S FINISH THE  
JOB BEFORE THE REDS  
START USING THIS ROAD!

AND AT THE ENEMY TROOP BARRACKS!

COLONEL CHING! KWANG'S  
BANDITS ARE RAIDING  
OUTPOST ONE!

WHAT?

SOUND ALARM! TURN  
TROOPS OUT!

**BONG!**

WHILE BACK AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD---

THE REDS  
SHOULD  
BE ROLLING  
BY HERE  
ANY MINUTE!

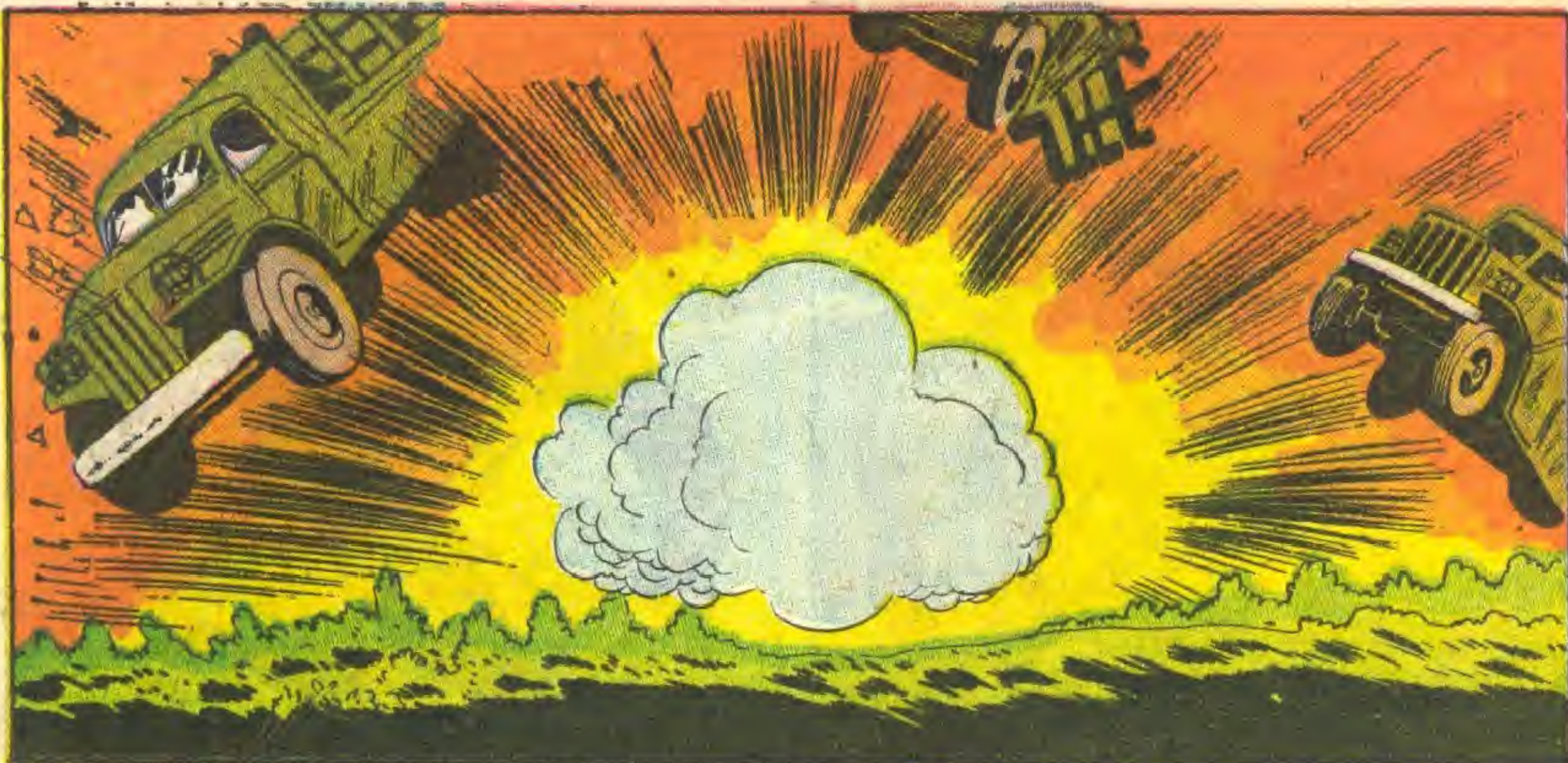
HERE THEY COME NOW!  
HIT THE BRUSH AND  
GET SET ON THAT  
BATTERY-BOX!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE TROOP-TRUCKS ROLL ALONG  
THE STRETCH OF ROAD WHERE---

HOW MUCH LONGER,  
STEVE?

I'LL COUNT OFF!  
NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN,  
SIX, FIVE, FOUR, THREE,  
TWO, ONE--ZERO. GO!





THE BLOW-  
ING UP OF  
THE ROAD  
ACTS AS A  
SIGNAL TO  
KWANG'S  
MAIN  
FORCE! KWANG  
MOTIONS  
TO FOUR  
TEAMS  
PICKED  
FOR A  
SPECIAL  
JOB OF  
DESTRUC-  
TION...



'TIS THE  
RAIDERS OF  
KWANG!

EIIYAAAAAAA!

HO!  
SEE THE  
OFFSPRING  
OF CAMEL  
SCATTER!



AS THE ENEMY TROOPS SCATTER, KWANG'S  
MEN FLING THEIR BOTTLES FILLED WITH HIGH  
OCTANE GAS, AND...



HO, TRAITORS TO THY ANCESTORS!  
CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO FIRES LIKE A  
SPITTED PIG...DIE, COMMUNIST  
DOGS!





THE RAIDER TEAMS RACE  
TOWARD THE AIRFIELD AND  
KWANG'S MAIN ATTACKING  
FORCE...



THE ENEMY HAS BEEN  
PUT TO ROUTE!

PRAY WE DO AS WELL  
AS THOU AGAINST THE  
HOUSES THAT GIVE  
SHELTER TO THE ENEMY'S  
PLANES!



MEANWHILE, APPROACHING  
THE AIRFIELD RUNWAYS FROM  
THE OPPOSITE SIDE, STEVE  
AND LOGAN SPOT...

I'VE  
LOOK, STEVE... GOT SOME-  
TWO SOLDIERS THING FOR  
AND A GREASE- JUST SUCH  
MONKEY! AN EMER-  
GENCY!



DUCK!



NOW, HEAD  
FOR THAT  
NEAREST  
COMMIE  
JET!



HEY, WHERE DO I  
FIT INTO THIS DEAL?  
THAT COCKPIT WAS  
MADE TO CARRY  
ONLY ONE!

MAKE BELIEVE  
YOU'RE ON THE  
SUBWAY DURING  
THE RUSH-HOUR!



AND A MOMENT LATER...  
WHERE DO  
WE GO FROM  
HERE?

TO FARAWAY PLACES,  
BUT FIRST...WE'VE GOT  
A LITTLE BUSINESS!

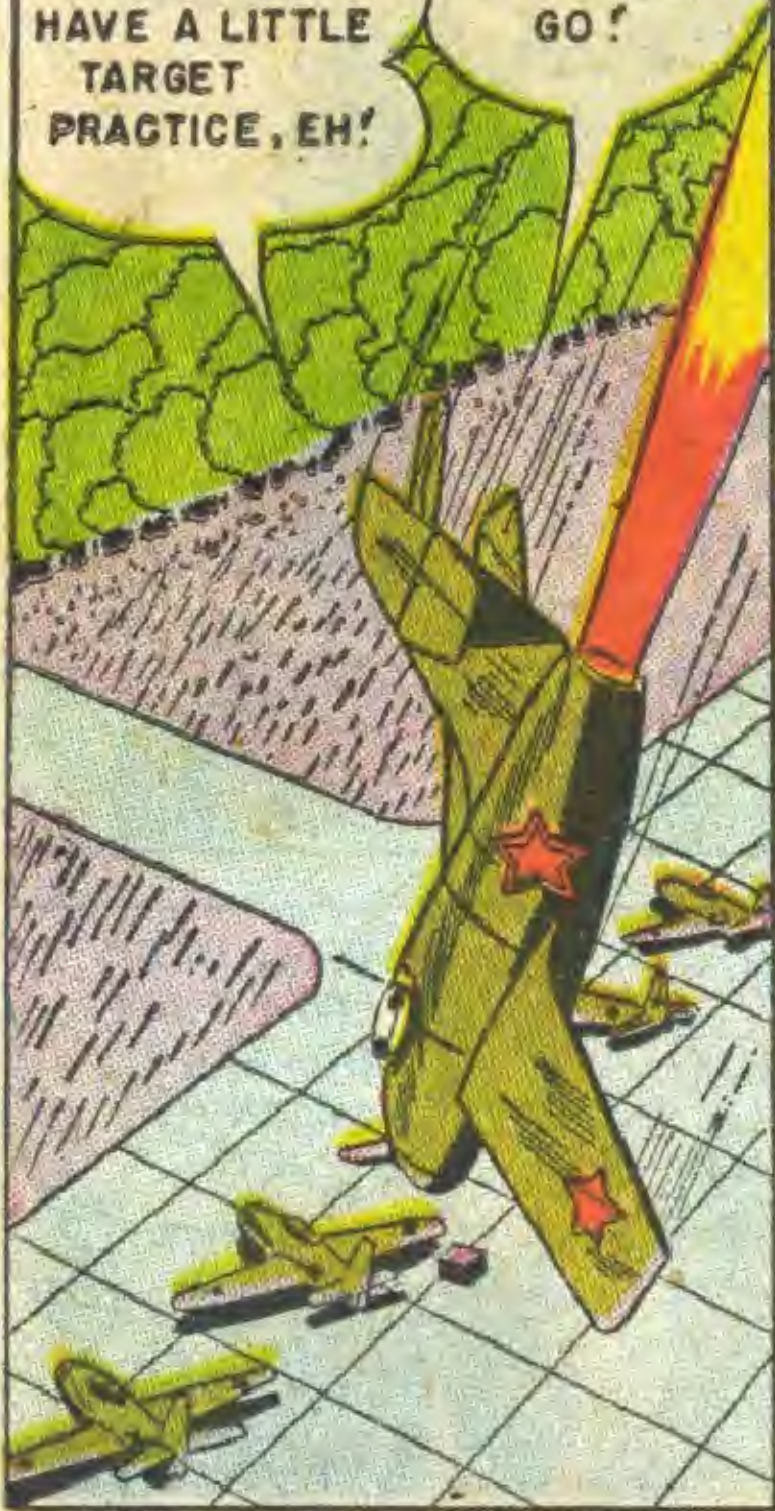




STEVE POINTS THE RED JET  
STRAIGHT AT THE ROWS OF  
PARKED PLANES ON THE FIELD--

OH, WE'RE  
GOING TO  
HAVE A LITTLE  
TARGET  
PRACTICE, EH!

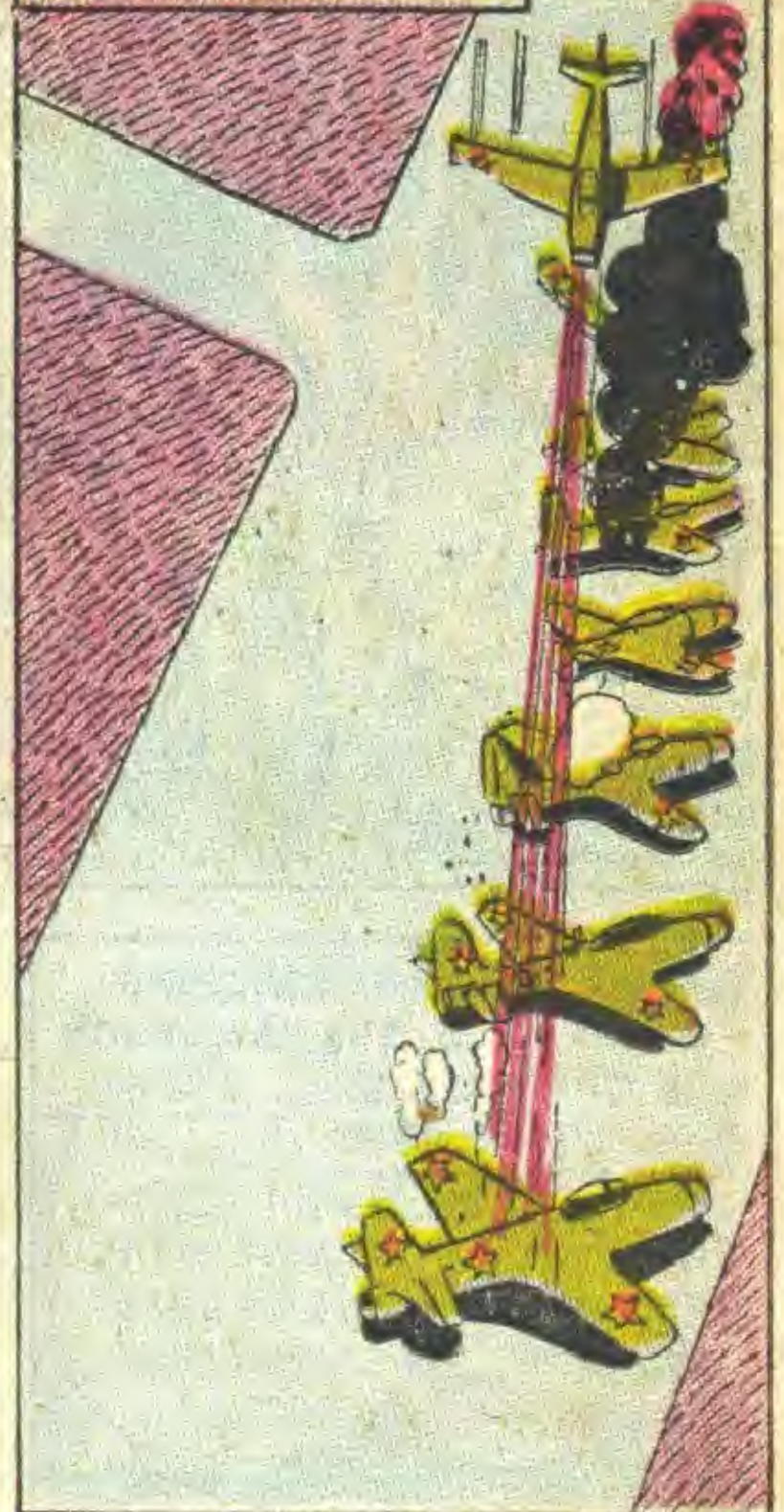
HANG ON,  
HERE WE  
GO!



YOWIE! I HAVEN'T HAD  
SO MUCH FUN IN A LONG  
TIME!



STEVE WEAVES BACK AND  
FORTH ACROSS THE FIELD...  
STITCHING OUT A PATTERN  
OF DESTRUCTION---



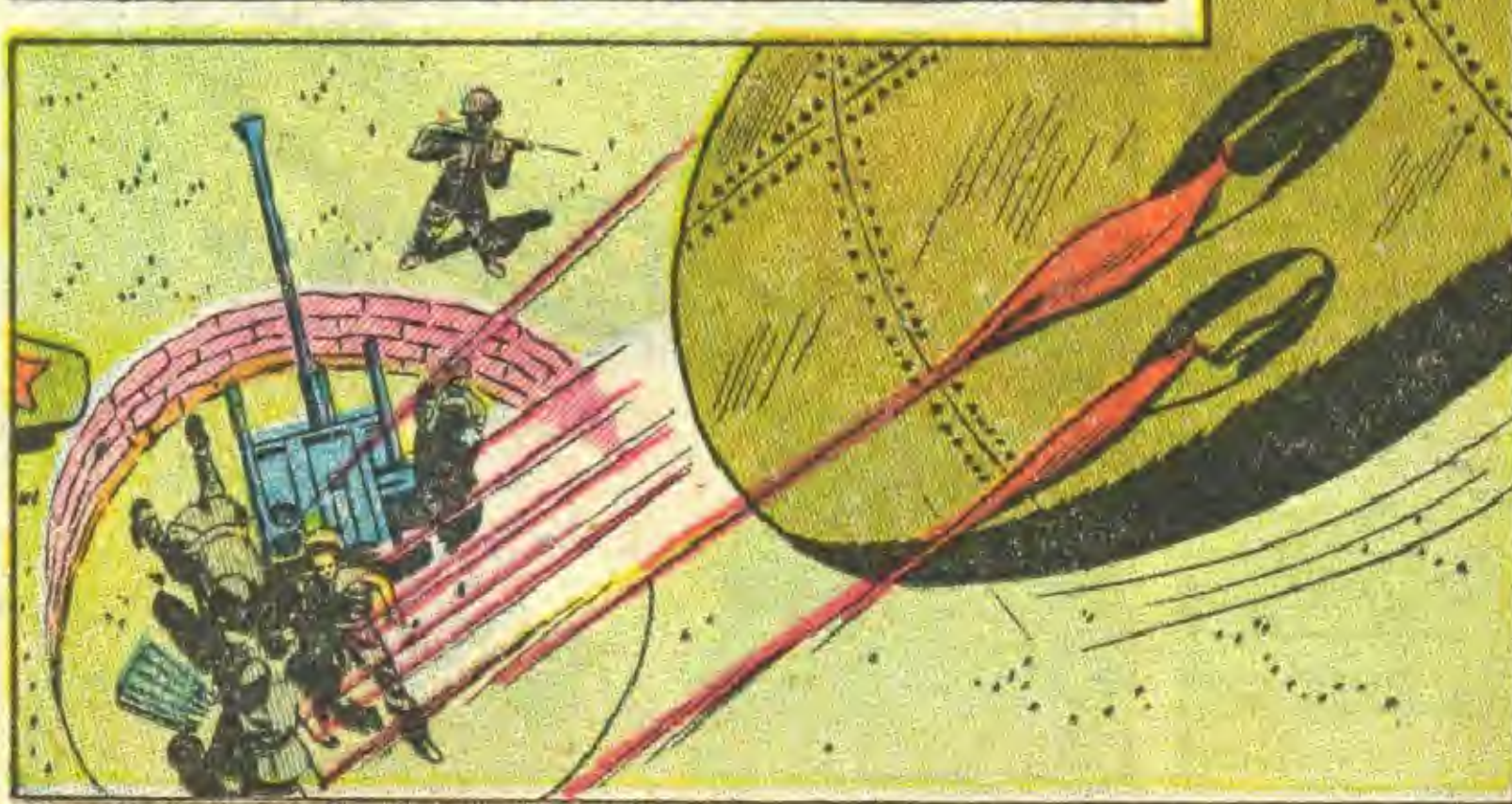
PUT THY BACKS IN  
IT! 'TIS THE ENEMY  
WE WISH TO DESTROY!  
I--?

CAPITAN! THEY  
ARE BEHIND US!



BOY, WE  
REALLY  
CLEANED  
THINGS  
UP!

WE'LL HIT FOR  
KWANG'S CAMP  
NOW, BUT FIRST--  
WE'LL SEE IF  
HIS BOYS NEED  
ANY HELP!





STEVE  
FLYS LOW,  
CIRCLES  
KWANG AND  
HIS RAIDERS  
WHO HAVE  
STARTED TO  
MOVE BACK!

HE'S WAVING FOR  
US TO GO ON---



WOW! THEY REALLY MESSED THIS  
PLACE UP! THE COMMIES'LL REMEMBER  
THIS DAY FOR THE REST OF THEIR  
LIVES!



WITHIN AN HOUR, STEVE AND  
LOGAN ARE BACK AT KWANG'S  
CAMP! TWO DAYS GO BY BEFORE  
KWANG AND HIS RAIDERS ARRIVE,  
AND THEN--

EVERYTHING  
WENT WELL,  
KWANG?

AYE! BUT  
NOW I AM SAD,  
BECAUSE I  
LOSE YOU.



WE'LL BE BACK SOMEDAY,  
KWANG. AND WHEN MY PEOPLE  
PARACHUTE YOU THE NEW  
WEAPONS I HAVE PROMISED,  
I'LL BE ALONG!



THIS CAMP OF STICKS IS---  
HUMBLE ---AND NOT FIT TO  
HONOR A FRIEND IN, BUT  
WHEN THE RED CLOUD  
HAS PASSED AND THERE  
IS PEACE ONCE MORE....



I WILL  
COME TO  
YOU!

YES, YOU WILL COME TO MY  
CITY-- WHERE MY PEOPLE  
CAN RECEIVE YOU IN JOY--  
GOODBYE, FRIEND.



AND A MOMENT LATER---  
WE'RE LEAVING THE  
GREATEST, MOST  
COURAGEOUS FIGHTER  
I'VE EVER KNOWN...!

YOU CAN SAY  
THAT AGAIN--  
STEVE!





HOURS LATER,  
CAPTAIN  
STEVE  
SAVAGE  
AND LOGAN  
ZOOM OVER  
THEIR OWN  
BASE, THEN...

I-? HEY, THE  
BOYS ARE  
COMING UP  
TO MEET US!

WE'RE FLYING  
AN ENEMY JET,  
REMEMBER! GET  
ON THE RADIO,  
LOGAN. TRY TO CON-  
TACT THE OPERATIONS  
TOWER!



SOON AS I CAN FIGURE OUT  
THESE GADGETS. I--WHA--?



I FORGOT HOW FAST  
THEM NEW FIGHTERS  
OF OURS CAN  
MANUEVER!

HANG ON,  
LOGAN, I'M  
GOING TO CRASH-  
LAND THIS CRATE!



STEVE TAKES THE ENEMY JET IN ON ITS NOSE, AND...

WOW! THAT WAS  
ROUGH!

SHE'LL BE A BALL OF  
FIRE IN SECONDS! UNJAM  
YOURSELF, LOGAN--AND MOVE!



STEVE--- AND LOGAN!  
GOOD GRAVY, WHAT'RE  
YOU DOING IN THAT  
CRATE-- AND WHERE  
THE DEVIL HAVE YOU  
BEEN ALL THIS  
TIME?

THAT'S A TALE FOR  
THE BOOKS, JIM--AND  
ONE THAT'S GOT TO HAVE  
SOME TIME FOR THE  
TELLING!



BOY, THIS'LL BE A NIGHT!  
WE'LL THROW A WING-DING!  
AND WE WERE GETTING  
READY TO GO INTO  
MOURNING!

WELL, IF YOU'VE  
STILL GOT THE  
BLACK CREPE, SAVE IT!  
THERE'S A CERTAIN RED  
DIVISION--AND AN AIR-  
FIELD BACK UP NORTH  
--THAT I'D LIKE TO  
CONTRIBUTE IT TO!  
THEY NEED  
IT!





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# THE BOOMERANG BATTERY

Up in the hills immediately facing the U.N. position there was a Chinese battery that was raising hell. Jack Sedge crouched lower in his foxhole as another shell came whizzing his way. He was sore and weary and getting angry. He had slugged from Pusan to the Manchurian border the year before. He had slugged his way back to Pusan, and then again back up to the 38th Parallel.

Now, here they were, where the war had started, getting nowhere. The truce talks were on somewhere, but meanwhile it was push forward slowly, keeping the enemy off balance. And right at this moment, in this particular hour and valley, it looked like the Reds had *them* off balance.

The Chinese battery had their range. They were systematically knocking out U.N. foxholes and emplacements. Soon, maybe, the company would have to withdraw again to the hillside they had just quitted. The enemy gun, tucked away somewhere in the forbidding wilderness of the opposing hillside, was finding them out, no matter how smartly they had their camouflage set. Then there was a well-hidden Red machine-gun nest somewhere below and ahead of them. That was fixed so nicely that it couldn't be gotten to from the valley or from their own hillsides behind them. All in all, things were not pleasant at this particular moment.

As another shell sang its eerie way towards him, Jack dived lower into his shallow hole. He turned his head and looked back for an instant at the hills behind. And something glared for a moment; something almost blinded him.

Jack Sedge stared back. It was gone. But for a moment there had been a sharp spot of light coming from a point among the trees to the rear. Again the flicker came.

Sedge edged out of his hole, ran quickly to the C.O.'s shelter further

back. Hastily he told the officer what he had spotted and explained to him something he had in mind.

The officer nodded, gestured. Jack slipped away again, back further to the tree-covered rise. He slipped upward on the slope of the hillside, dodging behind bushes and trees, keeping out of sight. Gradually he worked his way around to the spot where he had seen the flashing. Sure enough, he finally spotted the man.

A figure in North Korean green was crouched among the bushes overlooking the valley. In his hand there was a small mirror, with which he flashed a beam of sunlight on the positions below. Clearly this was the reason for the proficiency of the Chinese artillery.

Jack slipped up silently behind the man, who was too intent on his spotting to hear. In a flash Jack drew his bayonet and leaped forward.

The man crumpled silently, the cold steel in his back. Jack managed to keep the little mirror, which had fallen from the enemy's hands, from breaking. He slipped into position in the bushes himself, manipulated the mirror. Just as carefully as the other had done, he winked the tiny beam of bright sunlight to a certain position just ahead of the U.N. lines. He winked it again, waited.

Sure enough, the Chinese battery spoke up. The shells fell off to one side ahead of the lines. Again and again, Jack signalled that spot, and finally his cunning was rewarded. A shell struck something, there was a sudden stirring of figures and an explosion as an ammo box went up. It was the pesty Red machine-gun nest that had been hit squarely by their own artillery.

That nest couldn't be gotten to from the allied side, but from the enemy hillside it was a sitting pigeon. It was just a question of who was directing the Chinese gunfire. This time it paid off--for the U.N.!



# OPERATION DEATH!

LT. DAVE MARTIN BLASTED HIS MARINE CORSAIR PLANE OFF THE FLIGHT DECK OF THE U.S. CARRIER PHILIPPINE SEA, TO STEP INTO THE RED INFERNO OF...*"OPERATION DEATH!"*



THE KOREAN WAR BEGAN IN JUNE, 1950. SLIM U.N. FORCES WERE HITTING BACK HARD AND OFTEN FROM THEIR BEACHHEAD POSITIONS ON PUSAN...

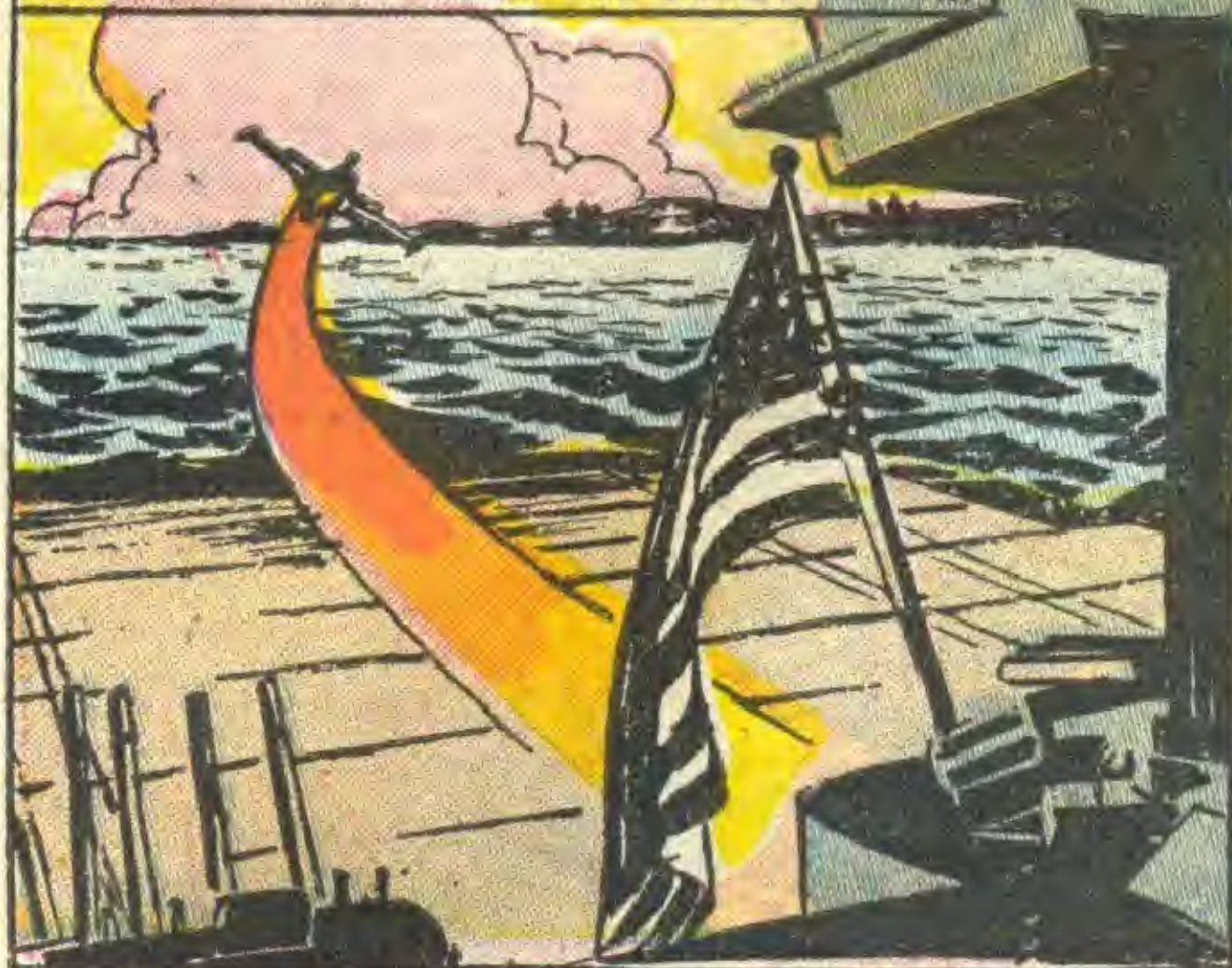


THROUGH THE WATERS OF THE CHINA SEA CAME THE CARRIER, PHILIPPINE SEA. IN THE READY ROOM...





IN HIS ROCKET-FIRING BANSHEE, DAVE MARTIN LIFTED OFF THE FLIGHT DECK IN THE EARLY DAWN...



HE CAME DOWN THROUGH CLOUDS OF SMOKE CAUSED BY NAVAL BOMBARDMENT...



THERE GOES THE AMMO DUMP. HOW TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP!



AS HE CLIMBED DOWN, DAVE WAS MET BY A SHIP'S HANDLER...

SQUADRON COMMANDER WANTS YOU, SIR!

O.K., JIM. I'M ON MY WAY...



YOU WANTED ME, SIR?

COME IN, MARTIN...



NOT ONLY THE SQUADRON COMMANDER, BUT THE AIR OFFICER AND THE ADMIRAL HIMSELF WERE HERE...

WE PICKED YOU FOR A BIG JOB, LIEUTENANT.

WE HAVE INFORMATION THAT RED CHINA IS WATCHING THIS WAR WITH INTEREST!



IF THOSE REDS STEP IN ON THIS NOW... THE UNITED NATIONS IS FINISHED! ONE MAN CAN TURN THE TIDE, MARTIN. I'VE SELECTED YOU TO BE THAT MAN!

ME?... (GULP) ER... YES, SIR!





A LARGE DETACHMENT OF BIG RUSSIAN TANKS IS MOVING DOWN ON INCH'ON! THOSE TANKS ARE HANDLED BY NORTH KOREAN REDS!



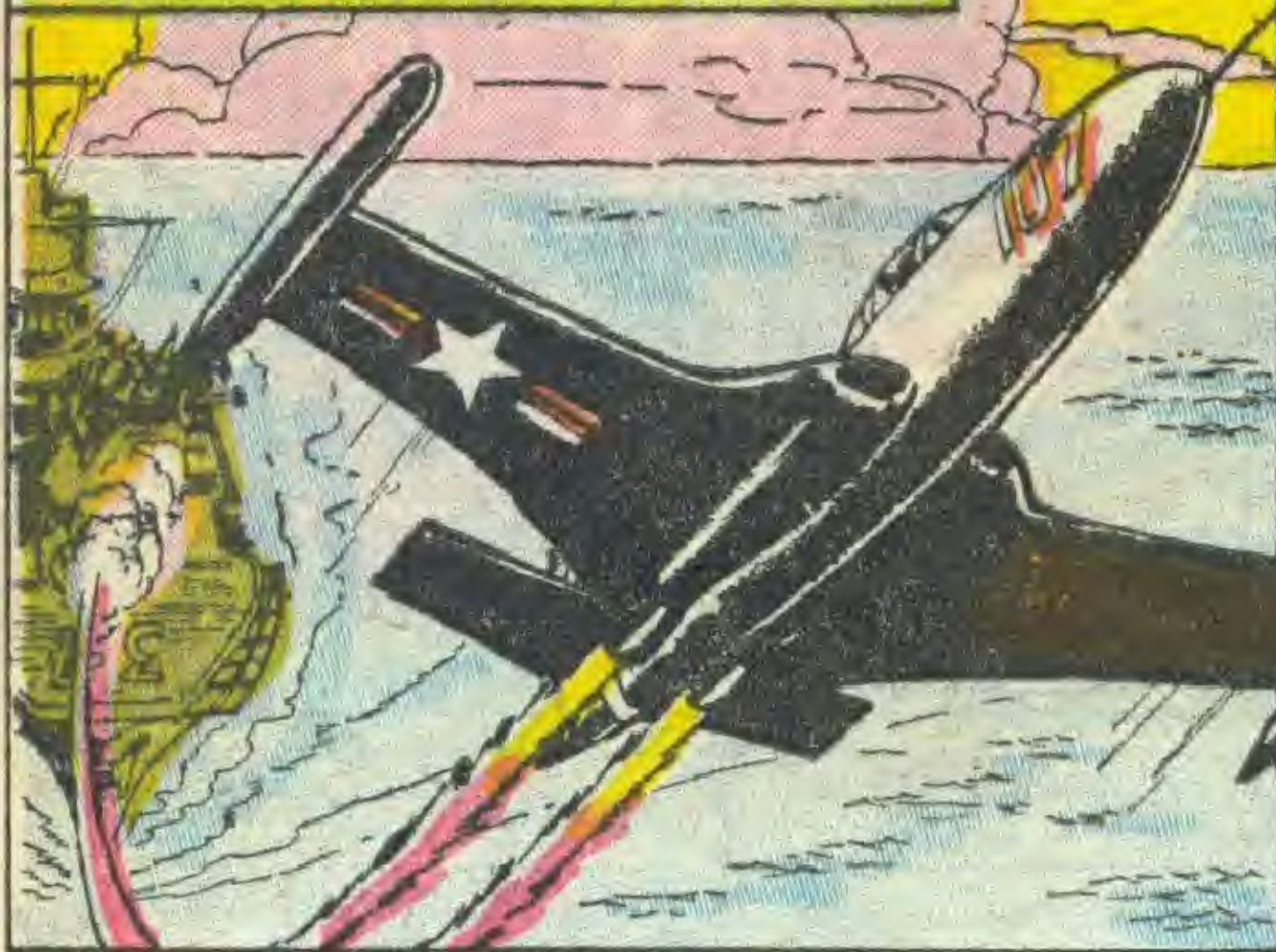
AT THIS STAGE, WE CAN'T HANDLE THOSE TANKS! OUR ONLY CHANCE TO STOP THEM IS BY A ROCKET PLANE ATTACK!



YOU'RE TO LEAD A SQUADRON OF PLANES AGAINST THAT TANK COLUMN. IF YOU FAIL--WE'RE GOING TO BE PUSHED BACK INTO THE SEA!



LT. DAVE MARTIN BLASTED OFF THE FLIGHT DECK, LEADING A PATROL OF ROCKET-FITTED BANSHEES...



AT THE SAME TIME U.S. MARINES WERE MOVING IN TOWARD INCH'ON...



THIN COLUMNS OF CAMOUFLAGED MARINES MOVED TOWARD KIMPO AIR FIELD...



HERE AND THERE A STREET EMPLACEMENT GAVE BATTLE AND THE MARINES WENT INTO ACTION...





SOME MILES BEYOND THE 38TH PARALLEL...

TANK COLUMN SIGHTED  
BELOW! PEEL OFF TO ATTACK!



THERE THEY ARE! HUNDREDS OF TANKS...  
ONCE THEY GO INTO ACTION AGAINST  
OUR BOYS--IT'S GOODBYE INVASION!--



DAVE MARTIN  
PEELED OFF  
FROM HIS  
FORMATION  
AND CAME IN  
LOW ABOVE  
THE GROUND.  
HIS PLANE -  
BUCKED AS  
THE ROCKETS  
TOOK OFF...



GOT IT--FIRST  
TRY!



THE OTHER JETS CAME IN  
WITH ROCKETS FLARING...



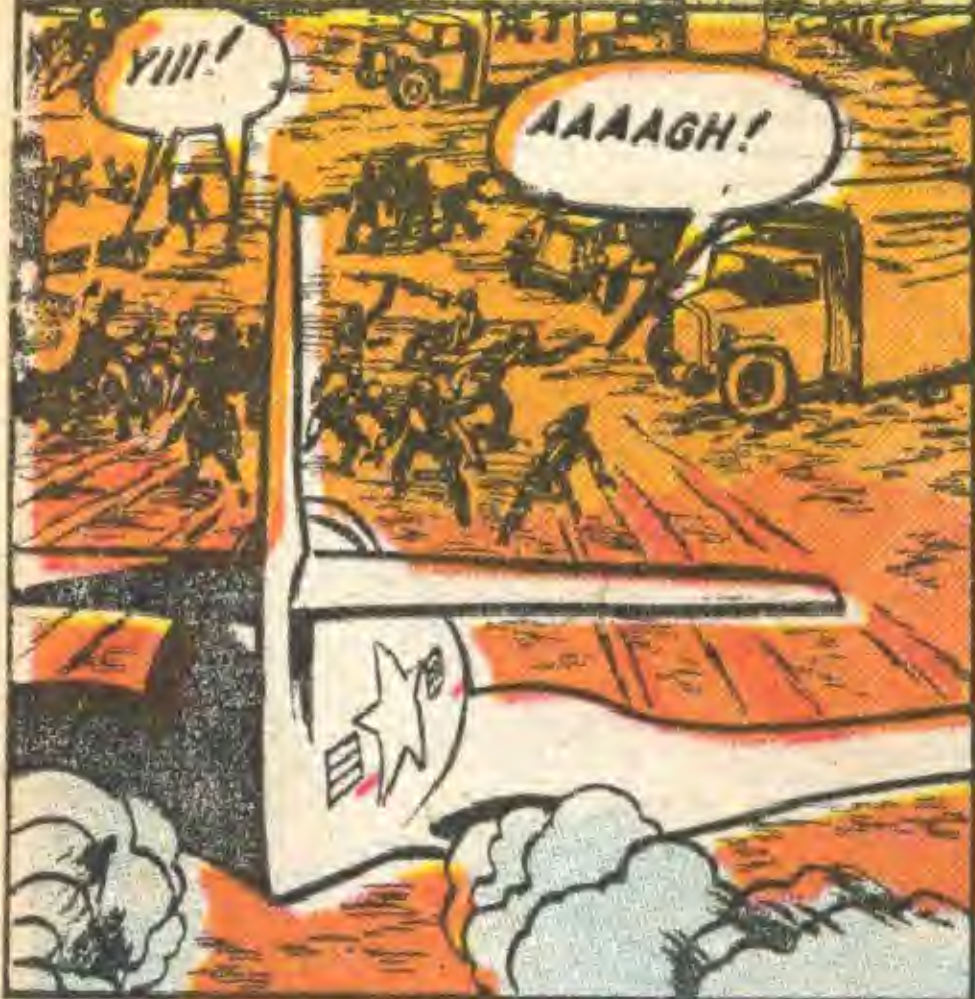
AAIEEEEE!

'MELICAN FLY-  
BOYS KILL US...  
RUN! RUN!





THE ROCKET ATTACK IS FOLLOWED UP WITH SPITTING MACHINE GUNS...



A LUCKY SHOT HITS AN AMMUNITION TRUCK...



THEN LT. DAVE MARTIN LEADS HIS FLIGHT COMMAND BACK TO THE CARRIER...



LT. MARTIN MAKES HIS REPORT...

WE GAVE 'EM EVERYTHING WE HAD. MUST'VE SMASHED THIRTY TANKS AND A DOZEN TRUCKS!

I'LL ORDER OUT EVERY DIVE BOMBER WE HAVE! WE'LL POUR IT INTO 'EM!



GENTLEMEN, IF WE CAN SMASH THAT TANK COLUMN COMPLETELY, IT WILL KEEP RED CHINA FROM INTERFERING AT THIS TIME!



ONCE AGAIN, THE FLYING MARINES SCREAM DOWN OUT OF THE SKY WITH ROCKETS BLASTING...

HIT 'EM FAST!  
HIT 'EM HARD!



ROCKET WAR HEADS EXPLODE IN CRAMPED TANKS WITH BLAZING FURY...





FIGHTER PILOTS GUNNED THEIR PLANES  
OVER LINES OF MARCHING RED TROOPS...



THE BANSHEES REFORMED HIGH IN THE AIR AND  
SWOOPED DOWN FOR THE FINISHING BLOWS...



WE SMASHED 'EM  
BEYOND ANY HOPE  
OF RECOVERY!



THE RED TANKS WERE  
BEATEN-NOW THE  
MARINES COULD MOVE  
ON, TOWARD SEOUL...



AS THE MARINES FANNED OUT FROM  
INGH'ON, THEY RELIEVED THE PRES-  
SURE ON THE PUSAN BEACHHEAD...

NOW, WE'RE GOING  
TO ATTACK!

KEEP THE  
BARRELS  
HOT!



NOW THE U.N. FORCES WERE ON THE  
MARCH! STEADILY THEY PUSHED NORTH,  
BEYOND THE 38TH PARALLEL...



WHILE ON CARRIERS, LT. DAVE MARTIN AND  
OTHERS LIKE HIM AWAITED THE CALL TO DUTY-  
TO SUPPORT TROOPS AND TANKS WITH ROCKETS,  
BOMBS, AND MACHINE GUN FIRE...

WHENEVER THEY NEED US- THE  
MARINE PILOTS ARE READY!





# THE VICTORY DECOY

It was on a small island in the South Pacific. We had just taken the place. By we, I mean the company of combat engineers I was with. Mostly boys from New York City. Blackie, my buddy, was sitting down on a fallen hunk of masonry looking at a big Japanese inscription set on a massive slab by the side of the big concrete fortifications. It had been pretty formidable once, but now it was just a sad pile of junk.

They had not thought the island was inhabited when they landed our men there to set up an emergency air base and radio center. We were shoving through the jungle when we got plastered by some heavy Jap fire. We soon found out that there was a secret Jap radio station there. When we caught sight of what we were up against it looked kind of serious. The Japs had been building a concrete emplacement set against a natural formation of up-thrust rocks. They had dug themselves in right well and with a couple of artillery pieces, were in a position to block us for months.

Now we did have one fortunate thing. We had a guy with us who could speak and read Japanese. I don't know how he came to be with us, since they didn't expect we'd meet any Nips, but he was—a little, studious guy with glasses. This fellow and our captain went into a huddle after we'd dug in a series of foxholes in the trees just outside of the sight of the Jap fort. We didn't have any artillery or flame-throwers with us, not expecting this kind of trouble.

The interpreter and the captain worked out a plan. We had a lot of radio equipment with us. They set up a series of loud-speaker arrangements all around that Jap base, in the deep woods on all sides. Then they tuned in on their receiver until they picked up a certain station in Australia. About that time, that station usually put on a lot of military music. They got a full-piece Army brass band on the radio, then started to broadcast it

to the Japs at full power from all sides. The captain and the interpreter kept shouting all sort of things into the mikes. To the Japs it must have sounded like the woods were full of big parades, marching men, and what-not. It must have been real crazy. The interpreter was yelling away in Jap.

I gather what they were doing was claiming that the Japanese had won their big victory. The interpreter was hollering about how they had just captured Washington and how the Emperor was riding down Pennsylvania Avenue on a white horse. After a little of this, we could see the Japs sticking their heads out from behind their gun emplacements. Then, in a little while, bunches of them were standing around outside looking puzzled and a little hopeful. Then, apparently the idea suddenly caught on, and they started a regular holiday.

The whole garrison came pouring out of the fortifications without their guns, threw their hats into the air and were dancing around. We waited until the celebration was getting real wild—then gave it to them. Our rifles and rapid-fires blasted away; our men threw dynamite sticks and grenades into them and we charged, yelling.

It was all over before you knew it. They hardly fired a shot. Those that didn't surrender, got killed while they were standing there with their mouths open, gaping.

So here was Blackie and I sitting by the side of the big inscription. It read, according to what the interpreter had written down for us: DEDICATED BY HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN TO THE TEN THOUSAND YEARS OF FUTURE TRIUMPH OF THE ETERNAL JAPANESE WORLD EMPIRE.

What blackie wrote on a signboard and hung over that Jap slab was a simple sign: AFTER SLIGHT ALTERATIONS, THIS HEAP OF JUNK IS DEDICATED TO THE EBBETS FIELD AND THE BROOKLYN DODGERS.



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## You Practice **SERVICING** with Kits I Send You



Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I send to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. With my Servicing Course you build the modern Radio shown at left. You build a Multitester and use it to help make \$10, \$15 a week fixing sets in spare time while training. All equipment is yours to keep. Coupon below will bring book of important facts. It shows other equipment you build.

## You Practice **BROADCASTING** with Kits I Send You



As part of my Communications Course I send you parts to build low-power Broadcasting Transmitter at left. Use it to get practical experience. You put this station "on the air" . . . perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a bright future. My Communications Course trains you to get your license. Mail coupon. Book shows other equipment you build for practical experience.

# I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a **RADIO-TELEVISION** Technician



## TELEVISION Making Jobs, Prosperity

25 million homes have Television sets now. Thousands more sold every week. Trained men needed to make, install, service TV sets. About 200 television stations on the air. Hundreds more being built. Good job opportunities here for qualified technicians, operators, etc.

## N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

### I TRAINED THESE MEN



"Am transmitter-studio operator at KPAT. Most important day of my life was when I enrolled with NRI."—Elmer Frewaldt, Madison, S. Dakota.

"Made my first \$100 from spare time work before I finished my course. Now I average better than \$10 a week, spare time."—Frank Borer, Lorain, Ohio.



"I've come a long way in Radio and Television since graduating. Have my own business on Main Street."—Joe Travers, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

"I didn't know a thing about Radio. Now have a good job as Studio Engineer at KMMJ."—Bill Delzell, Central City, Nebraska.



**BROADCASTING:** Chief Technician, Chief Operator, Power Monitor, Recording Operator, Remote Control Operator. **SERVICING:** Home and Auto Radios, Television Receivers, FM Radios, P.A. Systems. **IN RADIO PLANTS:** Design Assistant, Technician, Tester, Serviceman, Service Manager. **SHIP AND HARBOR RADIO:** Chief Operator, Radio-Telephone Operator. **GOVERNMENT RADIO:** Operator in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Forestry Service Dispatcher, Airways Radio Operator. **AVIATION RADIO:** Transmitter Technician, Receiver Technician, Airport Transmitter Operator. **TELEVISION:** Pick-up Operator, Television Technician, Remote Control Operator.



J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute  
Washington, D. C.  
Our 40th Year

## America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life. Radio is bigger than ever with over 3,000 broadcasting stations and more than 115 MILLION sets in use, and Television is moving ahead fast.

### Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

My training is practical, complete; is backed by 40 years of success training men at home. My well-illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed kits of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester you build with my parts helps you discover and correct set troubles, helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many make \$10, \$15 a week extra this way.

### Mail Coupon — Find Out What Radio-Television Offer You

Act now to get more of the good things of life. I send actual lesson to prove NRI home training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book "How to be a Success in Radio-Television" shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-Television. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than the total cost of my training in two weeks. Mail coupon now to: J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5CN1 National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 40th year.

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